

IN AMUSEMENT LINES

NEW YORK, Aug. 10, 1893. [Special Courier Correspondence.] Theatrical matters are at low ebb in New York, although many managers are actively preparing for next season's campaign. "The Prodigal Daughter" is to be continued indefinitely at the American theatre; De Wolf Hopper in "Panjandrum" remains at the Broadway until September 30, and is to be followed by Francis Wilson in "Ermine." Roof garden vaudeville will run all summer at the Casino after which a new comic opera, "The Rainmaker of Syria" will be presented. Henry E. Abbey's new theatre will be dedicated by Henry Irving in November, and the reconstructed Park Theatre is to be opened by Hyde and Behman early in September with William Barry as the first attraction. Russell's Comedians in the "World's Fair City Directory" start the regular season at the Bijou Theatre, Sept. 4, and the "New South" is under contract to reopen the Fourteenth Street Theatre on August 14. Edward E. Rice resumes operations at Palmer's Theatre, August 14, with "1492" for which new features are promised. Daly's Theatre re-opens August 14 with the "Prodigal Son" which is to run until the advent of Sol Smith Russell, at the Fifth Avenue season starts August 28th, with Edward Vroom in "Ruy Blas" and the Lyceum this week has E. H. Sothern. Lawrence Hanley in "The Players" begins the season at the Star August 14; The Grand Opera will have the "Span of Life" on August 21, and the Empire "Liberty Hall" on the same date. Johnstone Bennett comes to the Standard August 28 in "Fanny;" "The Other Man" to the Garden Theatre September 4 and the Liliputians to Niblo's, September 2. B. F. Keith begins an all day vaudeville entertainment at the Union Square, September 4. DUNLOP.

CHICAGO, Aug. 9. [Special Courier Correspondence.]—The closing of E. S. Willard's season is the leading topic of interest in Chicago amusement circles. Mr. Willard and Miss Maria Burroughs have made an impression upon the amusement patrons of this city that will not soon be forgotten. It is doubtful if the English actor has anywhere found such a generous measure of appreciation as that accorded him here. The rendition of "The Professor's Love Story" and "The Middleman" marks an epoch.

There has been nothing new at the other theatres. At McVicker's theatre Denman Thompson in "The Old Homestead" has been liberally patronized. At the Chicago opera house "Ali Baba" has drawn the usual crowds. "Ali Baba" was played for the 542nd time on Sunday night. Sol Smith Russell has presented his "Poor Relation" at the Grand opera house to large audiences. There have been nearly 250 performances of "The Girl I Left Behind Me." For eleven weeks this play has filled the Schiller and still it goes merrily on. The popular "Buffalo Bill's Wild West show" still draws the thousands to a performance the like of which cannot be seen anywhere else on the face of the earth. Last week, with a generosity that marks all his course, Mr. Cody gave the waifs one of the happiest days of their sad young lives. The waifs of Chicago think Buffalo Bill one of the greatest heroes of the age. Miss Lillian Russell and her company have had a busy week at the Columbia in "La Cigale." This week "The Mountebanks" was presented. Haverly's Casino is taking advantage of the fair to present in humorous vein "City Scenes, or Life in Chicago in Columbian Fair Times." The Grand Military tournament is continuing to attract great crowds. The Trocadero grows in popular favor with every performance. W.

Of "The Soudan" which comes to the Lansign August 24, the Boston Sunday Herald says: The great successes of the theatre, are as a rule, now made in New York city, but this year Boston must be given the credit of having produced the most successful play of the year, and one which is likely to break all records "as a money winner" as the slang of the theatre puts it. Manager Eugene Tomkins' fine production of "The Soudan" has attracted attention in theatrical circles all over the country, and the Boston manager deserves no little credit for having surpassed the London managers in casting and staging this play. The fact that it was generally thought that English melodrama had had its day in the big cities might have deterred a less daring manager than Mr. Tomkins from expending a fortune on this piece, but he had faith in his judgment, and he is reaping a rich reward for his enterprise and liberality. "The Soudan" has already enjoyed a remarkable run for Boston, and yet the Boston Theatre is crowded at nearly every performance and the demand for seats in advance would seem to indicate that no change of bill will be necessary at the Boston for many weeks.

"Say, when is that Sothern coming back to town?" said Steve Brodie to me early this morning, as he invited me into the Hoffman of the Bowery. I told Mr. Brodie that Mr. Sothern opens the

Lyceum about August 16. "Well, I'll be dere—see?" said Stephen, bringing his square jaws together with a snap. "I'll be dere, an' if I don't show that mug up I'll live in Brooklyn for de rest of me life! What did he do to me? Dis is what he done: Him and Richard Hardin' Davis comes to me last fall an' say dey want me to learn Sothern some slang to be used in a play by Davis for Sothern. So I invites them into me back room here and gave him his first lesson. Then I treated them white. Then this place wasn't good enough for them—because dey ain't turrowbreeds, dat's why—and so I chases dem over to me house, clears the kids out o' de parlor, sends me servant girl over here for a bottle of wine, an' rehearses de play wid dem. Den I goes all over de lower part of de town, buying old oil-cloth and a stove and crockery, and things to be used in Mister Davis' play. 'De Disregarded Sister Regan,' which he had wrote for Sothern. For fifteen days dat lasted, and, so help me, every day I opened a quart bottle for those two mugs. At de end of that time I went up to de Lyceum and staged de play for dem! actually staged it, put it on! From dat time to dis I never heard a word from Davis or Sothern—not a line or spoken word of thanks. Dey used to have a basket of champagne opened here by dem, but dey never treated even to beer. Me barkeep used to say: 'Say, Steve, dese two mugs is light as cork; dere bubbles; dey'll float; just go right up an' float, and den you'll be blamed.' Say, if dey walked on bubbles from here to Harlem dey wouldn't break one. Say, if I can't lick those jays in here, you can have me joint—or out there. I don't know much about that Davis, but Sothern is a disgrace to Lord Dundreary. Say, I used to sit in his dressing-room at de Lyceum night after night, and there was bottles of de ice, and seltzer and cigars, and, 'pon me word, he never asked me if I had a mouth on me, and me tongue hanging down to me sparkler. And de way I used to treat him and Davis at de house! Oh, I was played—played!" and Mr. Brodie relapsed into moody silence.—Daily American.

The "financial stringency" and the collapse at Denver may seriously affect the amusement situation in Lincoln. If the depression continues the number of companies leaving New York will be much smaller than usual, and it is possible that some of the companies that have been attracted west by the possibility of a profitable one week's stand at Denver, may not venture this side of Chicago; but Manager Church, of the Lansing, who has already filled most of his dates, takes a hopeful view of the matter. "Of course there may not be as many attractions as usual on the road," he remarked the other day, "but the public is not likely to suffer by the thinning out. The shows that will be shut out never will be missed."

Manager Augustus Pitou is preparing for the next tours of his three companies. Owing to the success of Chauncey Olcott, in "Mavourneen" last season, Mr. Pitou has signed a five years contract with him to star in that play, beginning late in August, and supported by a specially selected company. "The Power of the Press," the stirring melodrama, which has made considerable money for Manager Pitou, starts on the road September 2, and his "Hands Across the Sea" company will begin its tour September 4.

We are threatened with a deluge of English actors and actresses during the coming theatrical season. In all probability no less than nine English stars will compete with our native talent represented by Sol Smith Russell, Richard Mansfield, Nat C. Goodwin and other lesser lights. Theatrical England will be represented by the following, a roster that includes many old favorites: Henry Irving, Ellen Terry, E. S. Willard, Wilson Barrett, Charles Wyndham, H. Beerbohm Tree, Miss Rosina Vokes, Mrs. Langtry, Marie Tempest.

W. T. Carleton, baritone of the Lillian Russell Opera Comique company, will go abroad this winter for a long rest. He had intended to take out an opera company, but discovered that the prospects, as held forth by managers, were not roseate. In 1894 Mr. Carleton will organize a fine company for an intimate theatre, as lowered the gold price of silver, but at its value. Other things have fallen in relation to id quite as much, so that silver still has high a general purchasing power as ever. J. J. Suggs, architect, Lottia Neil Burgess and many others who are advertised as retired will all do the foot-lights to the queen's taste the coming season. You couldn't drive these worthies away from the stage with a carnon.

The author of "After the Ball" expects to clear \$100,000. And Bizet died a pauper; Gounod is not rich; Mendelssohn and Liszt never saved a cent.

In thirteen weeks Sol Smith Russell has taken in nearly \$80,000 in Chicago.

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RUTH.  
Light of my life, thou charming Israelite,  
Thou art my Ruth, and I a sheaf of corn;  
Thine eyes the scythe's 'neath which I helpless fell  
One fair autumnal morn.  
Oh, loveliest gleaner in the tooming field;  
Ah, smiling victress, pity, pity me!  
Bind me with all thy arts, with all thy charms,  
Bind me—to thee! to thee!  
And when each to the other's bound forever—  
Listen, sweet Ruth, my words are fraught  
With meaning—  
You'll not be angry should I ask you to—  
Well—stop your gleaning?  
—Leo C. Evans in Boston Globe.

A CHANGE OF SUIT.

I am not given to swooning, so that, after the first moment, I was quite alive to my exact situation. I knew that I was crouching on the ground and that that ironlike grasp was still on my collar. Presently the hand relaxed its hold, and a gruff but not unkindly voice said:  
"Well, mate, how are you?"  
This inquiry unlocked my tongue, and I poured forth my gratitude. I hardly know what I said; I only know I was very much in earnest. I told him who I was and how I came to be there and in return asked him his name.

"That does not signify," was the answer; "you can think of me as a friend."  
"That I shall," I returned gratefully, "for God knows you have been a friend in need to me!"  
"Ah!" he said musingly, "your life must be very sweet, for you seemed loath enough to part with it!"  
I admitted the truth of this—indeed I had felt it more than once during the last hour. I had been one of those who in fits of depression are wont to say that life is not worth living; that we shall be well out of it, and the rest. Yet when it seemed really slipping from my grasp I had clung to it with a tenacity which surprised myself. And now, with the future once more before me in which so much seemed possible, I was filled with gratitude to God and to my unknown friend, by whose means I had been saved. There was a short silence; then I asked rather doubtfully if there were not some way in which I could prove my gratitude.

"You speak as if you were sincere," my strange companion said, in his gruff, downright way, "so I will tell you frankly that you can do me a good turn if you have a mind to. I don't want your money, understand; but I want you to do me a favor."  
"What is it?" I asked eagerly. "Believe me, if it is in my power it shall be done!"  
"I would rather you passed your word before I explain more," he said coolly. "Say my request shall be granted. I take it you are not a man to break your promise."

Here was a predicament! Asked to pledge my word for I knew not what! To be in the dark in more senses than one, for I could not even see my mysterious deliverer's face to judge what manner of man he was. And yet, how could I refuse his request? At last I said slowly:  
"If what you ask is honest and above board, you have my word that it shall be done, no matter what it may cost me."  
He gave a short laugh. "You are cautious," he said, "but you are right. No, there is nothing dishonest about my request. It will wrong no one, though it may cause you some personal inconvenience."

"That is enough," I said hastily, ashamed of the half-hearted way in which I had given my promise. "The instant we are out of this place I will take steps to grant your request, whatever it may be."  
"But that won't do," he put in quickly; "what I want must be done here and now!" I was bewildered, as well I might be, and remained silent while he went on:  
"There is no need to say much about myself, but this you must know. I am in great trouble. I am accused of that which makes me amenable to the law. I am innocent, but I cannot prove my innocence, and my only chance of safety is in flight. That is the reason of my being here. I am hiding from my pursuers."  
The poor creature paused, with a deep drawn sigh, as if he at last had found his life worth the struggle. I was greatly shocked by his story and warmly expressed my sympathy. Then, on his telling me that he had been for two days and nights in the tunnel with scarcely a bit of food, I remembered a packet of sandwiches that had been provided for my journey and offered them to him. It made me shudder to hear the ravenous manner in which they were consumed. When this was done, there was another silence, broken by his saying, with evident hesitation, that the one hope he had was in disguising himself in some way and thus eluding those who were watching for him. He concluded with:  
"The favor that I have to ask is that you will help me in this by allowing me to have your clothes in exchange for mine!"

There was such an odd mixture of tragedy and comedy in the whole thing that for a moment I hardly knew how to answer him. The poor fellow must have taken my silence for anything but consent, for he said bitterly:  
"You object! I felt you would, and it is my only chance!"  
"On the contrary," I returned, "I am perfectly willing to do as you wish—indeed how could I do otherwise when I have given you my word? I was only fearing that you built too much upon this exchange. Remember, it is no disguise—the dress of one man is much like that of another."  
"That is true enough as a general rule," was the answer, "but not in this case. I was last seen in a costume not common in these parts. A coarse tweed shooting dress, short coat, knee breeches and rough worsted stockings, so that an everyday suit is all I want."

After that there was nothing more to be said, and the change was effected without more ado.  
It seemed to me that my invisible companion had the advantage over me as far as seeing went, for whereas I was sensible of nothing but touch and sound, his hands invariably met and aided mine whenever they were at fault. He confessed to this, saying that he had been so long in the dark that his eyes were growing accustomed to it. I never felt anything like the coarseness of those stockings as I drew them on. The shoes, too, were of the clumsiest make. They were large for me, which perhaps accounted for their extreme heaviness. I was a bit of a dandy, always priding myself upon my spick and span get-up. No doubt this made me critical, but certainly the tweed of which the clothes were made was the roughest thing of the kind I had ever handled. I got into them, however, without any comment, only remarking, when my toilet was finished, that I could find no pocket.

My companion gave another of those short laughs.  
"No," he said, "that suit was made for use, not comfort!"  
From his tone and manner of expressing himself I had taken him to be a man fairly

interested, and when he had declared that he did not require any money I naturally fancied he was not in want of funds. But the style of his clothes made me think differently, and I decided that he should have my watch—the most valuable thing I had about me. It had no particular associations, and a few pounds would get me another. He seemed pleased, almost touched, by the proposal, and also by my suggesting that the money in my pockets should be divided between us. It was not a large sum, but half of it would take me to my journey's end, I knew. He seemed full of resource, for when I was wondering what to do with my loose change in my pocketless costume he spread out my handkerchief, and putting my money and the small things from my pockets into it knotted it securely up and thrust it into my breast. Then, as we stood facing each other, he took my hand in farewell. I proposed our going on together, but this he would not hear of.

"No," he said, with a grim laugh, "the sooner I and that suit of clothes part company the better."  
So we wished each other goodspeed and turned on our different ways—he going back through the tunnel and I keeping on. The experiences of the last few hours had made a great impression on me, and although I felt awkward and somewhat shaken my heart was light with the gladness of one who rejoices in a reprieve. The express that I had been so anxious to catch had long since gone on its way. Still, in my present hopeful frame of mind, that did not trouble me. I felt a conviction that Mary was mending, that I should find her better, and comforted by this belief I walked briskly on—at least as briskly as my clumsy shoes would allow me, but even in spite of this hindrance it was not long before I reached the end of the tunnel. The moonlight streaming down upon the rails was a pleasant sight and showed me some time before I reached it that my goal was at hand. When I left the last shadow behind me and stood out under the clear sky, I drew a sigh of intense thankfulness, drinking in the sweet, fresh air.

I walked down the country road, thinking that I would rest for a few hours at the station hotel and be ready for the first train in the morning. But my adventures were not yet over. As I glanced at my clothes, thinking how unlike myself I looked and felt, something on the sleeve of my coat attracted my attention. It must be tar, which I or the former wearer of the clothes must have rubbed off in the tunnel. But, no, I looked again. My eyes seemed riveted to it. It was unmistakable. There on the coarse gray material of the coat was a large broad arrow.

In an instant the whole truth had flashed upon me. No need to examine those worsted stockings and heavy shoes—no need to take off the coat and find upon the collar the name of one of her majesty's prisons and the poor convict's number. As my eyes rested on the broad arrow, I understood it all. At first I was very indignant at the position I was in. I felt that a trick had been practiced on me, and I naturally resented it. I sat down by the roadside and tried to think. The cool air blew in my face and refreshed me. I had no hat. The convict—I was beginning to think of him by that name—had given me none, saying he had lost his cap in the tunnel. After awhile, when my anger had somewhat subsided, I thought more pitifully of the man whose clothes I wore. Poor wretch, without doubt he had had a hard time of it. What wonder that he had seized upon the first opportunity to escape! He had said that the favor he required would entail personal inconvenience on myself, and that was exactly what it did.

I looked at the matter from all sides. I saw the dilemma I was in. It would not do to be seen in this branded garb. The police would lay hands on me at once. Nothing would persuade them that I was not the convict. Indeed who was likely to believe the improbable story I had to tell? I felt that I could expect few to credit it on my mere word, and I had nothing to prove my identity, for I remember now that my pocketbook and letters were in my coat. I had never given them a thought when making the exchange of clothes. So as things were it might take some days for me to establish my real personality, and even when that were done I should still be responsible for conniving at the prisoner's escape.

All things considered, therefore, I resolved not to get into the hands of the police. But this was no easy matter. There was nothing for it but to walk. I could not face the publicity of railway traveling or of any other conveyance. Indeed it was impossible for me to buy food for myself. I had many narrow escapes from detection, but by dint of hiding through the day and walking at night, and now and then bribing a small child to buy me something to eat, I contrived to get slowly on my way. It was on the evening of the third day that I reached home. I often thought, somewhat bitterly, of my short cut through the tunnel and all the delay it had caused!

When I actually stood outside the little cottage which I called home and looked up at the windows, the hope that had buoyed me up for so long deserted me, and I dreaded to enter. At last, however, I opened the gate and walked up the garden. There was a light in the small sitting room. The curtains were not drawn, and I could see my sister Kitty seated by the table. She had evidently been weeping bitterly, and as she raised her face there was an expression of such hopeless sorrow in her eyes that my heart seemed to stop beating as I looked at her. Mary must be very ill. Perhaps—but, no, I could not finish the sentence even in thought. I turned hastily, lifted the latch and went in.  
"Kitty!" I said, with my hand on the room door, "it's I, Jack! don't be frightened."

Elizabeth Hanna and Charles Hanna will take notice that on the 26th day of July, 1893, Frank M. Miles, plaintiff herein, filed his petition in the district court of Lancaster county, Nebraska, against you as defendants the object and prayer of which is to settle and quiet the title forever in Frank M. Miles, as well as the possession thereof to lot number nine (9) in block number thirty-seven (37) in Dawson's addition to South Lincoln, in Lancaster county, Nebraska. You are required to answer said petition on or before the eleventh day of September, 1893. Dated this 26th day of July, 1893. FRANK M. MILES.

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